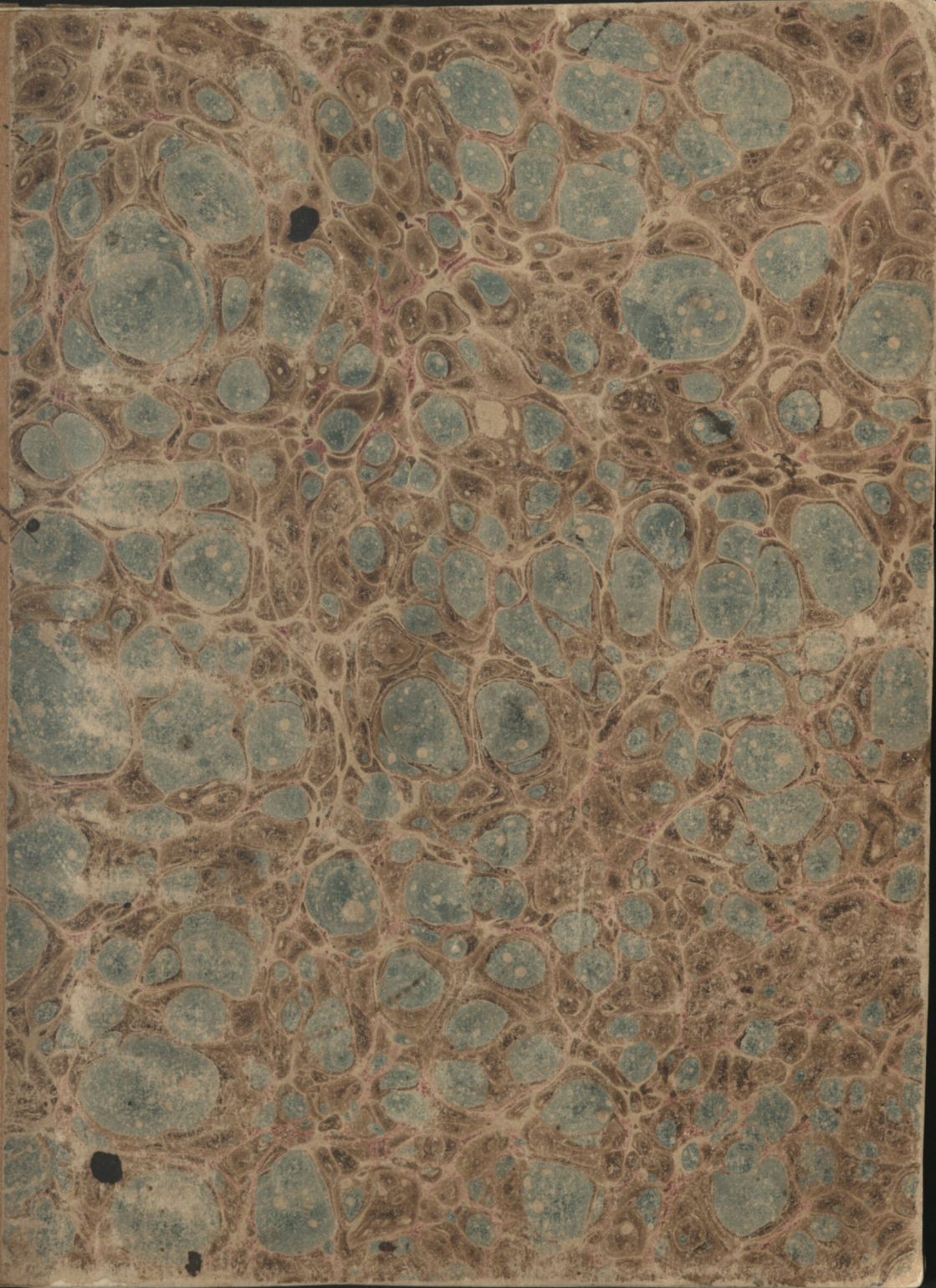


Account of *Warmed School*
Copenhagen



1 lb. of oil soap with from 7 to 10 gallons of water
to wash trees -

P. W. Zunker.
Mar. 31, 1881.

ORIGIN OF FINE FRUITS.—The Peach, originally, was a poisonous almond. Its fleshy parts were then used to poison arrows, and it was for this purpose introduced into Persia; the transplanting and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

The Nectarine and Apricot are natural hybridations between the Peach and the Plum.

The Cherry was originally a berry-like fruit, and cultivation has given each berry a separate stem, and improves its quality; the common Mazzard is the original of most of the present kind of Cherries.

The common wild Pear is very inferior to the choke Pear; but still, by cultivation, it has come to rank among our first fruits.

Professor Paarfecht mentions, as a striking evidence of the symmetry of nature's operations, that 'mushrooms always spring up in a shower, which is doubtless the reason that they are shaped like umbrellas.'

THE HEART AND SWORD.—It is recorded of the Duke of Luxembourg, that, on his death-bed, he declared that he would have cherished more deeply the memory of having given a cup of cold water to one of his fellow creatures in poverty and distress, than all the victories he had achieved, with their scenes of blood, desolation and death. An admirable lesson is contained in this brief expression of opinion.—*British Friend.*

COLD WATER FOR THE EYES. It is an almost universal opinion that cold water is excellent for the eyes. Many persons are in the habit of opening and shutting their eyes in the wash basin every morning, thus exposing the balls freely to the water. But this common opinion must be very erroneous and injurious. One of our most sagacious physicians, (Dr. Batchelder) says that in almost all the cases of diseased eyes which have come to him for relief, the difficulty has been aggravated by this popular error, and that in very many cases the disuse of cold water has been sufficient to restore the eyes to health.

LINES

Presented by the appearance of Mr. ADAMS in the Hall of representatives, after a long and severe illness, the members rising to receive him.

"Rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man."—Scripture.

"Rise up!" ye men of fewer years,
Before that ancient man,
And welcome in your midst again
The honored of his clan!
Who, like a sunbeam in your Hall,
Shedding its latest ray,
Leaves a more calm serener glow
As daylight fades away.

Gaze on him there, while yet you may
Statesmen of fresher fame!
What would you give to gain the praise
That glids that patriarch's name?
See! round his brow a civic wreath
Is beautifully twined,
While through his life there threads a stream
Of virtues well combined.

"Rise!" then, ye men of younger fame!
"Rise!" greet that patriot's hand,
And cherish him while yet you may,
That Ancient of your band!

M. W. T.

Washington, Feb. 13, 1847.

IMMORTALITY.

The insect bursting from its tomb-like bed—
The grain that in a thousand grains revives—
The trees that seemed in wintry torpor dead—
Yet each new year renewing their green lives,
All teach, without the added aid of faith,
That life still triumphs o'er apparent death.

But dies the insect when the summer dies;
The grain hath perished though the plant remain;
In death at last, the oak of ages lies;
Here reason halts, no further can attain,
For reason argues but from what she sees,
Nor traces to their goal these mysteries.

But faith the dark hiatus can supply—
Teaching, eternal progress still shall reign;
Telling (as these things aid her to espy)
In higher world than higher laws obtain;
Pointing, with radiant finger raised on high,
From life that still revives, to life that cannot die!

A GREAT TREE.—There is a willow tree in the door yard of Mr. Samuel Reed of Woolwich, which, seventy years ago, was the riding stick of the Rev. Mr. Winchel, (our readers are aware that a willow stick driven into wet land will take root and grow,) but which now measures at the ground 19 feet in circumference. About 6 feet from the ground it divides into four branches, the two smallest of which measure 7 feet in circumference; each one of the others measure 8, the other 8 1-2 feet. The height of the tree is 60 feet; its branches cover a circle of 95 feet in diameter. Good judges estimate that the whole tree contains seven cords of wood.—[Bath (Me.) Tribune.]

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

BY EENEZER ELLIOTT.

The brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath;
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek;
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak.

He said—"The quiet moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
While all the woods were still;
I felt as if from slumber
I never could awake—

Oh! mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

A cold, dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight like lead,
My hands and feet seem sinking,
Quite through my little bed;

I am so tired, so weary—
With weariness I ache;

Oh! mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep,

To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you though I weep.

My sisters say I'm better—
But, then, their heads they shake,

Oh! mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

Why can't I see the poplars?
Why can't I see the hill,

Where dreaming of good angels
The moon-beams lay so still?

Why can't I see you, mother?
I surely am awake;

Oh! haste to give me something
To cherish for your sake!

The little bosom heaves not;
The fire had left its cheek;

The fine chord—is it broken?
The strong chord—could it break?

Ah, yes! the loving spirit
Hath winged its flight away;

A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

The Crown of Life.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

There's a crown for the monarch—a golden crown;
And many a ray from its wreath streams down,
Of an iris hue from a thousand gems,
That are woven in blossoms on jewelled stems;
They've rifled the depth of Goncolda's mine,
And stolen the pearl from the ocean's brine;
But the rarest gems and the finest gold,
On a brow of care, lie heavy and cold.

There's a crown for the victor, of lotus flowers,
Braided with myrtle from tropical bowers;
And the golden hearts of the nymphs gleam
From their snowy hills with a mellow beam.
They have stripped the breast of the sacred Nile,
And ravished the bowers of the vine clad isle,
But the sweetest flower from the holy flood,
And the vine will fade on the brow of blood!

There's a crown for the poet—a wreath of bay—
A tribute of praise to his thrilling lay.
The amaranth twines with the laurel bough,
And seeks a repose on his pensive brow.
They've searched in the depths of Italia's groves,
To find out the chaplet a poet loves;
But a fadeless wreath in vain they've sought—
It withers away on the brow of thought.

There's a crown for a Christian—a crown of life,
Gained in the issues of a bloody strife;
'Tis a halo of hope, of joy, and of love,
Brightened by sunbeams from fountains above.
They've gathered its hues from sources afar,
From Seraphims' eyes, and Bethlehem's star,
And the flow of its life will ever increase,
For a Christian's brow is a brow of peace.

THE TWO ALMANACS.

A FABLE.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF PIENNET.)

Upon a desk it chanced, one day,
Two almanacs together lay,—
One of the present year, and one
With date of the old year, just gone,—
When, slightly raising up his head,
The latter to his neighbor said:
“Dear neighbor, for what crime have I
Deserved my altered destiny?
My master used to honor me:
Each moment of the day would he
Turn over and consult my page;
But now, alas! in my old age,
Dishonored, to the dust I’m thrown,
While he hath eyes for thee alone.”
The other, then, in page and rim,
Quite fresh and new, thus answered him:
“Thou art not of this age, my friend,
And of thine own there is an end.
Sunday, with us, as thou may’st see,
Is only Saturday with thee.
Thou art, poor friend, a day too late,—
Thou must blame nothing but thy date;
And if, thanks to my own, I’m now
What thou wert once, yet I must bow
To the same lot,—to have lived my time
Of twelve months more, my only crime.”
Thus all things change and pass away
In this frail world. To outlive our day
Is to be dead: nothing is wrong,
And men are charming just so long
As we can serve them. Let us lose
Our usefulness, and we abuse
And call them ingrates. Be content,
Men of a bygone age, of power spent;
Old servants, veterans, human flowers
Of withered beauty; lovers, ye
Who mourn your mistresses’ perfidy,—
ALL ARE OLD ALMANACS.

From the British Friend. RESIGNATION.

There is a spot where storms are not;—
A quiet, peaceful station;
The spirit there is free from care,
That spot is Resignation.
Believers stand on lofty land,
With clouds and tempests under;
Serenely still on th’ heavenly hill,
They heed no nether thunder. W. L. B

NORMAL SCHOOL AT WEST NEWTON.

Our readers will remember that a certain Reverend Gentleman who preached what he called the “New Cart Sermon,” the “Puritan,” and some other papers of the same stamp, undertook to put down the Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Board of Education, and Mr. Pierce, Principal of the Normal School at West Newton, as infidel heretics who were endeavoring to corrupt the orthodox youth by driving the Bible out of the schools, instead of honestly endeavoring to carry into effect the common school system, impartially, according to the design of the legislature. We are happy to see that the Board of Education, which numbers among its members some of the pillars of orthodoxy such as Gov. Briggs, Rev. Drs. Humphrey, Sears and Davis, in its late Report, snuffs out this pitiful sputtering of sectarian spleen.

The Board in their Report ask particular attention to the Report of the Visitors of the School at West Newton and say “The Board unanimously concur with the Visitors in believing that the school has uniformly maintained the character which may be justly required of such an institution, and that the charges referred to can only be attributed to a culpable ignorance, or perversion of facts.” Again they say, “The charge which has been insinuated, rather than openly made, against the Board and its Secretary, of attempting to interfere with religious instruction in the common schools, as well as the Normal schools,”—“to whomsoever it has been applied, or in whatever sense it has been construed, can easily be shown to be flagrantly unjust.”

The Report of the Visitors, above referred to, not only distinctly states all the charges against the Principal of the West Newton School to be groundless, and bears a high testimony to his honesty, frankness and candor, but affirms that the orthodox pupils, one half the school, joined with the others in resolutions relating the charges, which the papers that made the charges refused to publish! O the puritans!

Boston Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 24, 1847.

NORMAL SCHOOL EXAMINATION. The usual examination at the close of the term, of the West Newton Normal School, was made on Tuesday. The spacious school room was crowded with an attentive audience, who appeared to be highly interested in the exercises, which commenced at eight o'clock in the morning, and continued, with two intermissions of fifteen minutes each, till about four in the afternoon.

We noticed among the visitors present, His Excellency Gov. Briggs, the Chairman, Hon. Horace Mann, the Secretary, and John W. James, Esq., a member of the Board of Education, Rev. Solomon Adams, teacher, of this city, Mr. J. W. Ingraham, of the Boston Primary School Committee, Rev. Mr. Gilbert, of Newton, many parents and friends of the pupils, and very many former pupils, who are now or have been, teaching in various parts of the Commonwealth.

The first two hours were occupied with the examination in Orthography, Arithmetic, Grammar and Algebra, which we were not in season to witness, but which we were informed went off very satisfactorily. The first recess of fifteen minutes was just over when we arrived.

The examination in Enunciation and Articulation was very satisfactory to us. There was exhibited an appreciation of the elements and powers of the letters, which we have seldom seen surpassed. In this exercise the pupils have undoubtedly been much benefitted by their attention to Phonography, to which, however, we think more time is probably devoted than it deserves. Still, we know of no better mode of securing a good knowledge of the nature and powers of the different sounds of the language, than that adopted in the Phonographic books.

The reading was generally very good. The pieces read were selected by the pupils themselves, not from any one book, but from any work which the reader pleased. Some read from newspapers, and others from Pollock, Brainerd, and other writers, as they happened to fancy; passing, in the order in which they read, alternately

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

The examination in Geography was of a novel and interesting character. Miss Lincoln (the Teacher) stated that she had a few days before proposed to the class that they should conduct this examination themselves,—selecting three of their number as Teachers; one to give a lesson to the class as if they had never learned any thing in Geography; another to give a lesson as if they had had some little preliminary knowledge in relation to the subject; and a third to review what they had learned. And this was

done in an admirable manner. The young lady who was to give the class their "first lessons," gave evidence of her tact, by preparing before hand, a model in a large oval dish, by which, with the help of a little putty and some green verdure, she gave a very interesting illustration of the course of a river, from its commencement as a small rill, through its various meanderings, to its outlet in the sea, with islands, bays, capes, isthmuses, straits, &c., and a light house, to guard the mariner against the dangers of the navigation. The young ladies who gave the second lesson and conducted the review, also acquitted themselves very well.

The examinations in Geometry and Navigation, would have done credit to any class in any college. These closed the second two hours, when another recess of fifteen minutes was given.

The Principal next conducted the examination in Scripture-reading; and of this, we will only say that we wish every clergyman in our country could have witnessed it. It would have put the majority of them to shame. If there be one class of persons who ought to read the Scriptures better than any other, that class is the clergy; and yet we know very few who can be called good readers. These young ladies could give many of them lessons by which they might profit.

An examination in Physiology, by the Secretary of the Board of Education,—Hon. Horace Mann,—then followed; and as Mr. Mann was not familiar with the order of the text book on this subject used in the school, and his questions were without book, the examination was conducted under great disadvantage to the pupils. They acquitted themselves, however, very well, and proved that they were familiar with the whole subject.

Then followed an examination, by the Principal, on the Principles and Art of Teaching, which was exceedingly interesting; and perhaps the most valuable of all, as showing the principles of teaching inculcated upon the pupils, before they are sent out into the world, to exemplify and carry out what they have here been taught.

This exercise was interrupted, to give place to an address from His Excellency the Governor, who was obliged to leave in the cars, before the examination could be concluded, and could not be suffered to depart, without at least a few words of counsel. And these few words! O how we wished every enemy of the Board of Education and of the Normal Schools, could have heard them! Indeed; as His Excellency said, we wished that all the enemies of the Normal School,—all who doubted its utility, had witnessed the examination. Had their prejudices been eased in impenetrable brass, said the Governor, they must have been removed. None could have witnessed such an examination, and doubted the value of the instruction there communicated, or

the principles there inculcated. We wish that we could give an abstract of the Governor's remarks, which occupied about half an hour; but we were so much delighted and gratified with them, that we thought not of "taking notes," much less of "prenting them."

After His Excellency's departure, the examination on the Principles of Teaching was resumed, by Mr. Mann; and then followed an examination on the Globes—both Terrestrial and Celestial. Then a lesson in the Art of Teaching, was given by one of the graduating class, and a similar lesson on Botany, by another of the same class. Both of these young ladies acquitted themselves very well.

The reading of the Compositions of the pupils, and the examination in Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Orthoepey, and several other branches, was omitted, in consequence of the protracted length of the other exercises. Some extracts were read from "The Experiment," a paper conducted by the pupils, and issued *semi-occasionally*, we believe. These extracts were well written, and were in various styles; some lively and amusing, others grave and moralizing; but all showing an ability in the use of the pen, which would have done credit to older heads.

A short address from Rev. Solomon Adams, of this city, closed the exercises. Mr. A. expressed his great gratification at what he had heard and seen; and as he is an old and able teacher, his opinion was the more valuable. He only said, however, what all felt.

In the examination on the Principles of Teaching, &c., questions were asked and answered, which we should have been pleased to have had some of our School Committee-men and members of our City Council heard. They showed, that the structure of Schoolhouses, and of desks, seats, and other furniture, ventilation, &c., had been well attended to;

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GOV. BRIGGS AND THE NORMAL SCHOOL AT WEST NEWTON.

At the examination of the West Newton State Normal School, on Tuesday, the 21st inst., the Principal interrupted the regular course of exercises, to announce to those present that His Excellency the Governor would address them at that time, as he was obliged to leave before the close.

Gov. Briggs accordingly rose. He apologised for trespassing on the time of the young ladies, saying that he would not have done so, except at the urgent request of Mr Peirce. He expressed his gratification at the examination, and said that he had been both interested and profited by what he had seen and heard. He hardly knew which to be most proud of, the State whose liberality had furnished such an institution, the teachers who had contributed their valuable efforts, or the scholars who had profited so well by their instructions. He thought that he must be proud of all.

He wished that the enemies of Normal Schools, those who had said that the pupils in them were not instructed in morals and religion, could have been present and witnessed the performances; that they could have heard from the lips of those who were to constitute the next corps of teachers from the institution, that they regarded moral qualifications as the most important of a teacher. He wished they could have listened, as he had done, while they said that when they became teachers, the first duty of every morning should be to call the school to order, and read to them from the blessed volume of the Word of God; and after that, surrounded by the little gems of intellect which have just begun to shine, invoke the blessing of the Almighty upon the labors of the day. If they had seen and heard all this, it would have been enough. Unless their hearts were covered with prejudice, as with a coat of brass, they could not resist such overwhelming evidence of the faithfulness with which the moral and religious instruction had been enforced.

His friend, Mr Peirce, had mentioned to the spectators, that no special preparation had been made for the occasion. Now, although Mr Peirce was supposed by all to be a man of veracity, and though this was correct in one acceptance of the term, he still thought there had been preparation for the occasion; preparation which had cost both teacher and pupils hours of severe labor.

The Principal had thought it but justice to the school to state that they had been, for a greater part of the term, deprived of the valuable assistance of the instructor in Mathematics, and that they had hobbled along as they could. If this were hobbling, it was the kind he liked; hobbling that he wished might be carried into every district school in the Commonwealth. It was such hobbling as that which we had heard that day on the iron track, and was as far ahead of the old methods of teaching, as was that in advance of the old ox-teams, and afterwards horse-teams, with which people used to work. If one of the young ladies had entered a common school thirty years since, and performed on the blackboard some of the operations which he had seen that day, the

scholars would have run from the room, thinking there was magic in it. The teachers of that day were very inferior to those at present, and the people in the district had far less enlightened views of education. He would give one or two illustrations.

When he was a student at law in Berkshire County, a schoolmaster came into his office one day, to ask his assistance with regard to his tuition bills. He was himself not very quick at figures, then nor now, and he handed them to another teacher, who happened to be present. He found the amount of the several bills, and then returned the paper to its owner, telling him to foot it up. It so happened that some of the items ended in half cents. The pedagogue hesitated, and did not seem to make much progress in his task. "Why don't you foot it up?" enquired the other. "Why," said he, "I could do it easy enough, if it wasn't for them half cents. If those were only mills, now, I should know what to do." This man had been teaching the children of the district, and yet could not, by any possible means, manufacture half cents into mills, or whole cents. This was no fiction, but a fair specimen of the teachers of the County of Berkshire thirty years ago.

At another country school, the daughter of the clergyman, and a boy who attended, commenced the study of English Grammar. Well, there soon began to be a disaffection. It grew worse and worse, until at last a meeting of the Selectmen was called, to discuss the matter. They protested against the innovation. Things must not go on in that way. Grammar must not be taught in the schools. Why, affairs were coming to such a pass, that when the class in Grammar recited, the attention of the whole school was diverted. This would not do. The motion was put to dismiss the teacher, and carried, by a vote not entirely unanimous, but nearly so. After this was accomplished, one of those present, his heart swelling with pride at the victory which had been gained, rose to address the meeting: "I move, Mr Chairman," said he, "that a vote of the town be taken, not to employ a teacher who *knows* Grammar!" And this measure was also carried! It might be seen, from these facts, that a great advance had been made.

His Excellency now remarked, that he would occupy no more of the time, which might be far more profitably expended, and he saw that his own was growing short. He could only again express the gratification which he had experienced in witnessing the performances of the day, and assure the young teachers of the sincerity of his wishes and prayers for their future success, in the work they had undertaken.

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ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, AND OF ITS SECRETARY.

Each of these important papers is remarkable for the leading object at which it aims. It is well known that, for the eleven years of the Board's existence, it has been constantly assailed with the charges of religious influence, infidelity, sectarianism, &c. &c.; all which charges have been diligently circulated through the state, unanswered, and, so far as the Board is concerned, uncontradicted. But it seems the Board have at last come to the conclusion that it would be treason to truth, and injustice to the cause of education, if not fatal to our free school system, any longer to hold their peace.

After speaking of the unusually prosperous condition of the schools evinced in the greater number of good teachers, the larger appropriations of the towns, the increased ratio of attendance, and the flourishing state of the Normal schools, which the opponents of the Board have labored hard to traduce, the Board come directly to the charges above alluded to. They show that their powers are limited by statute, and they have faithfully and manfully come up to the limit. They describe their duties, and show that the school committees, chosen by the people, regulate the schools entirely, and are independent of the Board; that the latter have no control over the school fund, and no hand in the distribution of it. They declare that they and their Secretary have always individually recommended the reading of the Bible, and the inculcation of Christian morality, but they neither have exercised nor can exercise any official influence. The concluding paragraph of their report is as follows:—

"The law, so far as it applies to this subject—in prohibiting the use of school books calculated to favor the distinctive tenets of any Christian sect—was not made by the Board, nor can the Board amend or repeal it; and so far as the law operates in opposition to the views and wishes of any portion of the community, let it be reiterated, that the Legislature, and not the Board of Education, are answerable for it. The law, as revised in 1826—eleven years before the establishment of the Board—rests upon grounds of popular support, which cannot be relinquished, except with the relinquishment of religious liberty; and there is, probably, no one sect which would consent that any other should exercise the authority which the law withholds from all.

It is deemed not too much to affirm that the entire course of the Board of Education has been in conformity to the letter and spirit of the law, and so far as the members or Secretary are charged with any errors of omission or commission, in relation to religious instruction in the schools, they have only to refer to the design of the law, and the limitation of their powers and duties, and will be content to abide a strict and impartial judgement." Signed by *Geo. N. Briggs*, Governor, *John Reed*, Lieut. Governor, *J. W. James*, *Heman Humphrey*, *Barnas Sears*, *Stephen C. Phillips*, *E. H. Chapin*, *E. H. B. Hooker*, *G. T. Kinnicutt*, *Emerson Davis*.

It will be hard to find ten abler and better men in any commonwealth under heaven, and it seems almost wrong to allude to their denominational views, but, as the attacks have always proceeded from what are called the orthodox portion of the religious world, we have ventured to print in italics the names of such as are known to be ornaments to that section of the vineyard, too wise to be deceived, too good to do injustice, too firm to be driven into those dark paths into which their detractors say they have wandered.

If the intervention of the school committees between the Board and the schools were not sufficient to secure them against any suspicion of evil influence, we may add that, between the committees and the pupils within eleven years there have been twenty or thirty thousand different teachers, four-fifths of whom have been orthodox professors, or brought up and living under that influence, and no one of this host has ever whispered a charge of sectarian or other unfavorable influence against the Secretary or any member of the Board. What, then, becomes of the slanders of Matthew Hale Smith, A. W. McClure, and their coadjutors?

In another paper, Mr. Editor, with your permission, I will give a brief notice of the Report of the Secretary of the Board. JUSTICE.

More than three months ago a highly esteemed friend in So. Wilbraham, Ms., referred us to the following article, published in No. 12, Vol. I. of the Non-Resistant, first series, 1839. We take pleasure in redeeming the promise we then made to republish it. He will excuse our tardiness in complying with his request.

To the Editors of the Non-Resistant:

The enclosed extract from a Sermon, preached last winter, by Wm. H. Furness, pastor of the 1st Congregational Unitarian church in Philadelphia, contains sentiments worthy the pages of the Non-Resistant; and with the writer's permission they are forwarded for publication, should you judge them suitable.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

In this passage and in other passages still more explicitly, Jesus forbids all recourse to forcible means, in the promotion of the cause of truth, freedom and happiness, —the kingdom of Heaven. Under no circumstances is man, as a moral agent, permitted to employ violence to advance moral ends. He is to abhor the use of all weapons, whether offensive or defensive, save such as are furnished by reason and moral truth. This was the doctrine of Jesus, and those who receive this doctrine do not upon it denigrate the poor in spirit, because they have no spirit for feats of arms, or the use of force in any form whatever. Thus, let me repeat my conviction, is one of the great principles which was inculcated by the author of Christianity, and by which he is distinguished from all other teachers. Only one denomination of Christians in modern times has received this Christian truth in its full extent. The great body of the church have it yet to learn. To be poor in spirit, then, involves the relinquishment of one of our first natural rights—the right of self-defence. If we are to abstain from the employment of violence under all circumstances, then we are not to use it to guard our own lives or the lives of those who are dearest to us. Strong as this objection appears, still the doctrine of Christianity seems to me, both in the spirit and in the letter, what I have just stated; and I see not how we can dispute it without questioning the authority of Christ himself. But neither can I see how it can be said that in prohibiting the use of all violence, Christianity invalidates the sacred right of self-defence. Are there no means of self-defence but such as the arm of flesh supplies? Is there no force but physical force? No power in man but that which dwells in the muscles? As I understand it, Christianity allows, nay, it requires a man to defend himself at all hazards. But then it teaches him that his body is not his self—that the breath of his nostrils is not his true, his most precious life—that he has something dearer and more sacred to defend than his physical well-being. I consider that the really poor in spirit, he who has truly adopted the Christian principle, has virtually formed a resolution to defend himself at all risks, for he has determined to guard his soul against the guilt of wrong-doing—to protect his heart, the inner, the better, the imperishable life of him, from the contamination of a spirit of vindictiveness and retaliation. As he feels that he cannot innocently in any case oppose evil with evil, he refrains, under all circumstances, however trying, from every act, be it only the lifting of a finger, which

expresses or implies a retaliatory spirit. "No," he exclaims, "let my body be hewn and mangled, let my present existence be terminated when and how it may be, I will preserve inviolate the life of my soul; I will not swerve a hair from that living, unchangeable, everlasting principle of truth which requires me to meet evil with good, the more violent and unmixed the evil, only the purer and more abundant shall be the good with which I receive the assaults." But if this principle were carried out to its full extent, what, you ask, would become of society and civil government, which, as they are now constituted, depend for their preservation, for their very existence, it would seem, upon the arm of flesh—upon force? How else shall the vicious and disorderly be kept in check? Are robbery and murder and violence to go free? Nay, will they not be stimulated by the assurance of impunity? Must we not dismantle our navies and disband our armies, and throw all our weapons of defence into the sea? I care not now, my hearers, to answer these questions. Let it be granted that we cannot tell what would be the operation, in a public and national point of view, of the great Christian principle of which I speak. Whatever may be its public bearings, we must first take up this subject as a private and personal concern—for Christianity addresses us first and chiefly, not collectively, but individually. It speaks directly to the soul and conscience of every individual man. And of this we may be sure, that whatever conduces to the welfare of the individual, conduces to the welfare of the whole. Whatever can be shown to be wise and good for any one man, we may rest confident must be good for all men, although we may not see how. And for my own part, I can readily understand how the resolution to abstain from the use of all violence, deliberately formed and faithfully carried out, must tend to the protection and defence of the individual. Let any one man adopt this principle in its true

spirit, not from fear, not as a pretext to hide his pusillanimity, but from the purest courage, and a spirit so lofty, so superior to all selfish apprehensions, would assuredly inspire confidence, respect and veneration, and these sentiments would guard him against injury. There is nothing so captivating to the imagination, so winning to the affections of men, even the rudest and most uncivilized, as a courageous mind, a spirit that braves the fear of death, and is prepared to suffer all things. How passionately have they revered—how have they worshipped those in whom such a spirit has been revealed! Why, this admiration of the brave is so ready and intense, that it has always been the means by which they have been enslaved and oppressed, and ground to the very dust. But martial courage is but a shadow in comparison with the moral courage of him who, rather than do to another an injurious act of questionable advantage, is ready to meet death itself. It is true, were a man to adopt the noble principle for which I plead, he might not be understood. He would be sneered at and condemned as a fanatic. It might be so for a while. But it would not, it could not be so always. Sooner or later the generous and holy spirit by which he was actuated would come to be appreciated and revered. In so saying, I do but echo the testimony of experience and history. In the history of the Friends there are impressive instances of the power of a pacific spirit to protect and subdue. Individuals, inspired and transfigured by such a spirit, have gone unarmed amongst the violent

and injurious and returned unhurt. But even when men have failed to understand this holy disposition of mind; when those who were actuated by it have fallen victims to the ferocious and bloody minded, still their precious blood has not been spilt in vain. They have perished in a good cause and left an everlasting remembrance to admonish and purify the hearts of men. What more instructive instance do we need than that of our blessed Savior himself? Surely, if any life were ever important to the world, it was his, for it was spent in acts of mercy and in dispensing lessons of immortal wisdom, and most necessary it would seem, to the world's welfare, that he should have been spared as long as possible, that mankind might have the benefit of his teachings. Obvious as this was, he did not deem his own life so dear, so valuable that he could justify himself in protecting it by the use of defensive force. He felt a voluntary sacrifice to his own pacific doctrine—but it was no vain sacrifice—the odor thereof filled the world, and is still circulating round the earth. It is a glorious and triumphant vindication of the victorious, all-conquering power of moral courage. It is the testimony which he gave to the great truth that he uttered when he commanded his disciples to love their enemies, and to return prayers and blessings for curses, and to be ready to die for those who were thirsting for their blood.

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DR. NICHOL'S LECTURE ON THE SUN.

An audience unsurpassed in number during the present lecturing season, attended the discourse of Tuesday evening before the LYCEUM, and gave to the distinguished Lecturer the most flattering attention. They were rewarded by a performance clear and brilliant like its subject, and, unlike the subject, without a "spot." It was peculiarly marked by the characteristic required as the chief law of rhetoric,—the *lucidos ordo*, without which every effort, literary, oratorical, or scientific, is incomplete, and fairly open to the knife of the critic. Too often have lecturers in the Astronomical department of Science deemed themselves to have fulfilled their province, when they have given the planetary distance, courses and periods, and nakedly described some of their superficial phases, as if a voyager should write a book to describe the daily course and speed of his ship, and the time required by her to accomplish her voyage and return. Dissatisfied with these bare, mathematical statistics, and desiring something from the region of astronomical *philosophy*, something in the nature of science, in distinction from history, the people were gratified in proportion as the contrast was evident and unequivocal.

The LECTURE, as a distinct style of intellectual effort, is attaining a definite description and position, and becoming as clearly marked as was the Essay, after years of use, under Addison and Steele. It is limited partly by a negative, and partly by a affirmative, definition. It is separated from the Oration by the absence of the rolling and majestic periods, by its want of the oratorical arrangement for waning, awakening, subduing, controlling, leading, and impassionating an audience, and by its freedom from appeals to the sympathies, the prejudices, and the passions. It is removed from the Sermon, by having rather the intellectual and intelligent, than the religious and moral, regions for its sphere, and by the absence of the warmth and personal application of the Sermon. It is distinguished from the Review, because it does not use the file and saw, it is good tempered and genial, and does not aim to polish and correct the style of utterance, nor so much to support or repudiate opinions, as to furnish to all the material and facilities for forming and correcting their own notions and sentiments. It is an alien to the Essay, by having less of its cold, theorizing habit, its frigid logic, its smooth description, and its chilly sarcasm. It is not more connected with the department of Letters, than it is with practical, human life. Independently of all these, it delights to enlarge knowledge, to communicate the truth of science, to increase the facilities and add ornaments to the duties of business life. It gathers its means for these purposes from History, Biography, Literature, from Geography, and all the physical sciences; and soars, as we

have recently had proof, into the high celestial regions, and from the centre of our universe draws intellectual light and heat; and from the darkness on the face of the Sun, derives a light greater than that with which he himself enlightens the world.

The Lecturer introduced his subject with a brief historical sketch of the efforts of scientific men to gain some knowledge of the central orb of our system. Galileo first made telescopic observations, and noticed with great interest the black spots upon his face, but could construct no satisfactory theory which should account for their existence and various phases. The next prominent and more successful observer of his changing aspect, the celebrated astronomer, Wilson, after watching the appearance, development, and dissolution of various spots, formed a theory which was now very logically and ably enforced and extended. I will first give the theory, and then notice the arguments offered in its support.

The Sun is believed to be a body with a constitution and existence analogous to our own, and to that of the planetary spheres which revolve on everlasting wheels around him, as, apparently, inferior orbs. He has a central solid, opaque mass, of a magnitude almost inconceivably greater than that of the Earth, so that were the first represented by a 24 inch globe, the last might well be symbolized by a pea. Around this opaque and invisible heart of the Sun, there rolls an atmosphere corresponding to that which surrounds our Earth, and which is subject to like aerial currents, to wind and whirlwind, tempest and hurricane. Still again around the Sun, and without this first atmosphere, there is rolled an immense fold of light-emitting atmosphere, from which brilliant and cheerful rays are darted not only upon us, but upon all planets, and into remote space. These atmospheres are of a depth greater than ours, in proportion as the magnitude of the orb which they envelope is greater. They, like our own, are at times disturbed by internal agitations and convulsions, which send forth immense heaving billows, with crest and trough, like waves of the ocean, casting to and fro the surface of this great Light-sea about the Sun, and so cause the darker and lighter variations upon his disc, as perceived through the telescope, not unlike our "mackerel skies" of summer. Owing to causes occurring there, as they occur here, both these atmospheres are convulsed by whirlwinds through all their depths. Through the axis of these whirling storms, our eye penetrates the gorgeous robe which the Sun in his tranquil majesty gathers and girds around him, and we catch glimpses of his gigantic form, shown powerfully by the contrast of its Ethiop blackness with the beaming garment that enshrouds it. Here is the interpretation of the black spots. Such is Dr. Nichol's theory, first advanced by Wilson, and advocated by Herschell. In support of it, the argument is substantially as follows. It will be observed that

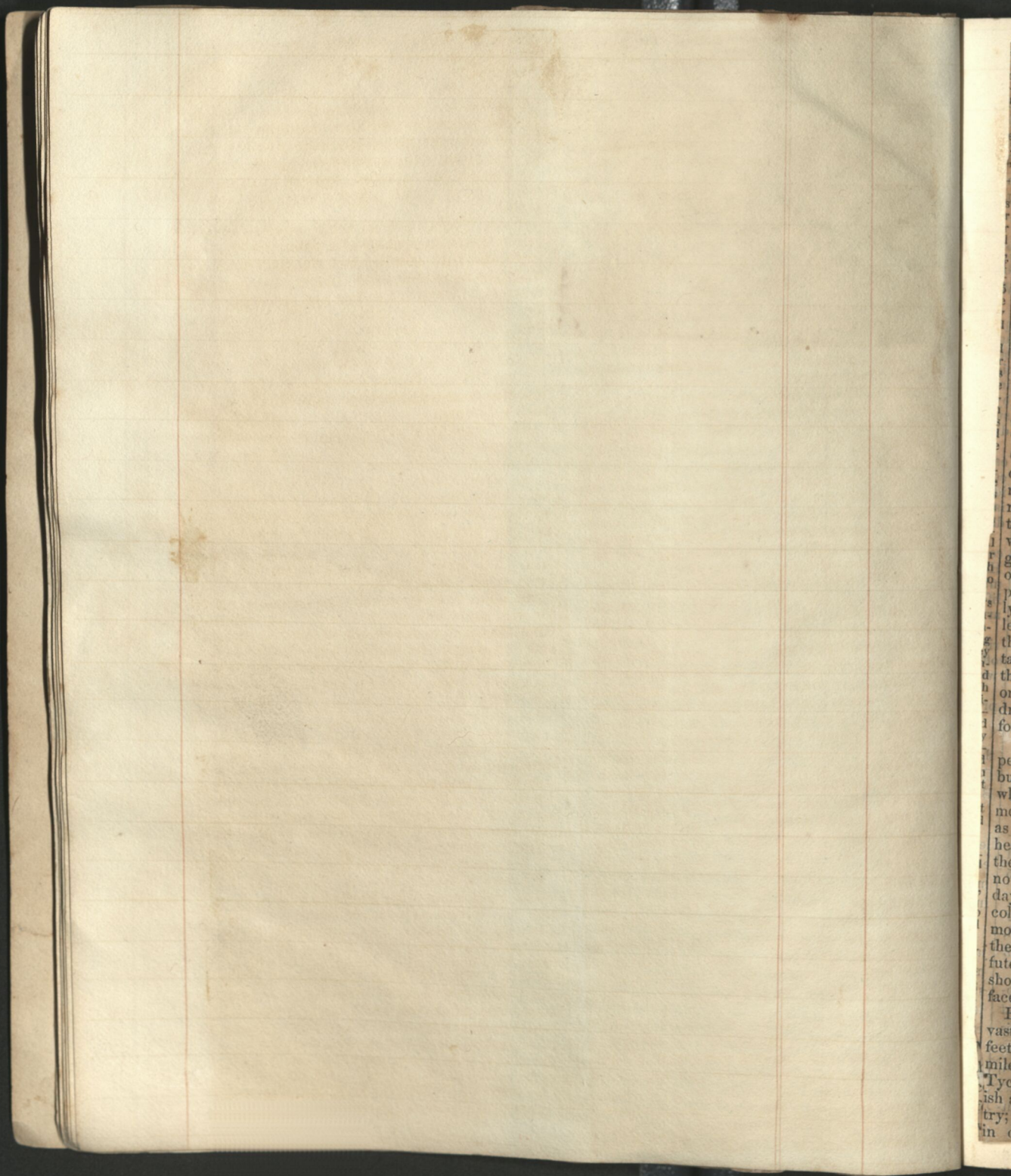
marked, and the *umbra* now appears on both sides the spot. As it crosses toward the other limit of the Sun, the shade or fringe nearest the observer first disappears, and the phenomena of its first apparition and progress, are simply repeated. If one of the spots approaches the zone corresponding to our temperate zone, it speedily disappears. Often a spot explodes into fragmentary spots, like a lump of ice dashed upon the frozen surface of a river,—like the broken eddy in the stream,—like the tornado that divided itself upon the crests of the Alps and Pyrenees. The conclusion is drawn from the exact correspondence of the solar phenomena to the facts attending terrestrial aerial currents and convulsions, that the solar atmosphere, also agitated by a more terrible force in proportion to the greater magnitude of that orb, is sometimes caught by the circling power, and whirled in a circle of enormous diameter, heaves away from the axle of the aerial wheel the billows of light-atmosphere, and with a rarifying influence sends the inferior atmosphere itself from centre to circumference. Thus, as we first behold the spot, we see the opposite fringe, through a mingled light and shade, when the fold of light is thinner, and the sombre atmosphere beneath begins to appear. As the axis of the whirlwind comes into line with the eye and the Sun's centre, we look directly down, through a space disrobed of its light, and permeated by a rare atmosphere, to the opaque body of the Sun.

The Lecturer conceded to the Sun a distinction in DEGREE only, not in KIND, of organization with reference to his light-producing and light-emitting qualities. Other planets possess these qualities. We have some manifestations of them in our own, in the Boreal Auroras which mark our Northern heavens. And, undoubtedly, the causes of light exist to an unequalled extent in the Sun, but are found in detail in his encompassing planets:—the offspring and the dependent shares all the qualities, and inherits portions of all the wealth, of his sire and superior. Like our occasional lights of the North, his illumination may also be temporary, subject to the mutations of all-ruling Time, and his bright royal robe may one day become dull and sombre, and brighten no more the smiles upon the face of Spring. Like the star of Tycho Brahe, which for a full year beamed with glorious brilliancy, rivalling Venus, and then lost its illuminating power, and sunk away into darkness; the Sun also may one day be shorn of his beams, and committed by his Creator to oblivion of all the shining firmament. *Sirius*, that once was the red dog-star, raging in the heavens, is now in the lapse of time sending forth a mild effulgence of white light. Believe not that the traces of all-mutating TIME are not found in the light-giving, as in the light-receiving orbs. But when these changes shall come to this crisis, what will be the consequences to the subordinate planets? Will not the provinces fall into anarchy at the dethronement of their august monarch? But the intellect, humbled, with-

draws from these contemplations, and looks adoringly upward to that more August Ruler of a world of enduring light, who shall never lose his brightness nor be disrobed of his power.

Such is a summary of one of the most lucid and finished lectures ever pronounced before the Lyceum, and accompanied also by an agreeable presence and delivery. I had intended to have stated one or two objections to the theory of the double atmosphere, and to have called attention to the distinction between the boreal light, and the warm, generating light of the Sun. But they must be now omitted. It is desired by many gentlemen in this city, that Dr. Nichol should give a course here, at some early day. He would doubtless be rewarded with a crowded house.

ADDITOR.



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"The subject of the structure of the moon, he said, gained new interest from the fact, that it throws great light upon the structure of our own earth, and helps to confirm or weaken the theories of geologists." The surface of all the planets, with which we are acquainted, are irregular and broken. Geology, in various ways attempts to account for these irregularities on the surface of the earth, but astronomy shows that the same upheaving force, the same antagonist of gravity, has left its foot-marks on other members of our system; and a theory, to be satisfactory, must extend to other orbs than ours.

The moon is but 240,000 miles distant, and the telescope reduces this to 240, and even to 30 miles. It is seen, too, not as we view objects through an atmosphere that obstructs our vision and distorts its object, but we see it as if it were hung in the zenith, only 30 miles above our heads. We are assisted, too, by the almost entire absence of atmosphere, and the entire absence of clouds. Thus, its surface has been marked out, and we have a better map of the one hemisphere, towards us, than of any hemisphere of the earth. The surface of the Moon is strangely irregular.—Great solitary mountains, shoot up to the height of 25,000 feet, and caverns of vast extent, and immense depths are seen, walled about with high ridges of rock. There are a few ranges of mountain, but, on the moon, these are the exceptions, while on the earth, ranges form the rule, and single peaks the exception. These groups, like those on our planet, descend, on one side, abruptly to a plain, while on the other side, they slope gradually, with hills and smaller mountains, to a distant level. Geologists have explained this by saying that floods of water had washed away the mountains on one side, and thrown the fragments on the other. But the moon has neither ocean, lake, or river—there is not, there never has been, one drop of water from its surface. This theory, therefore fails to account for the phenomena.

We have nothing on the land like the lonely peaks that start up from the plains of the Moon; but in the sea there are islands, like St. Helena, which are only mountains of rock, and which, measured from the bottom of the ocean, may be as high. These desolate mountains lift their lofty heads into a cloudless sky; no streams flow through their valleys; no cascades fall down their sides, no mist floats about their summit, and for fourteen days at a time, no light falls upon them but the cold rays of the stars. We notice that these mountains rise up abruptly, without disturbing the smooth and level plain. And this helps to refute the idea of a central disturbing force, and shows that the upheaving power lay near the surface.

But the most remarkable phenomena are the vast caverns or craters, that sink for thousands of feet, and extend, in some cases, to the width of 250 miles. To take one for example, we approach Tycho, (named for Tycho's sake, the great Danish astronomer,) over a rough and irregular country; we reach an unbroken wall of rock, 55 miles in diameter, sloped, however, so gently, that we

can ascend it—and from the top, instead of another slope, we see a hideous chasm, 17,000 feet in perpendicular depth, 2000 feet more than the height of Mont Blanc. The depth of these craters is measured by watching the rays of the sun as they penetrate into their recesses; but some are so deep, that no ray has ever reached their deepest place. These views change our ideas of the peaceful planet, which appears so calm, and which young people imagine to be the home of repose.

From Tycho, as from other caverns, extend bright bands, composed of a substance that reflects the light readily, and reaching in one instance, as far as 1700 miles. Some have supposed these to be lava; but as they are not stopped by the mountains, nor turned aside in the valleys, they could never have been liquid. The caverns in their way have the same substance in their depths, and it is seen at the bottom and on the sides of Tycho. It must have been a mighty force that shot these veins through such a depth and to such a distance.

The "trap-dikes" of the Geologists furnish similar phenomena upon the earth's surface. As a vast amount of rock must have been hurled from these horrid chasms, it is an interesting question, what has become of it. We do not find it scattered about the surface of the Moon. And, we know, that no very great force would be required to project it beyond the sphere of the Moon's attraction. The body of the Moon is so small, and its force or attraction so slight, that the force which could upheave her mountains, and hollow out her caverns, might well cast them beyond her control. Thus, these fragments would revolve in strange and irregular orbits, and our earth might sometimes come in their way. This would account for the meteoric stones, of which two fall, on an average, every day, and which may well be called "hand-specimens of the Moon."

Chemists imagine that certain substances are probably revolving in the atmosphere, which, if influenced by certain possible forces, would become stones, and would naturally fall to the earth. But they fail to show the existence of these substances, or these forces, or the fact, that together, they would produce meteoric stones. The astronomical speculations, though a mere theory, may well gain a hearing with that of the chemists.

We seem to have no caverns, like the Moon's craters, but in some of our mountain ranges, there are circular valleys, not altogether unlike these wonderful chasms. One, for instance, among the Alps, is surrounded by a ridge of mountains, broken with several gaps, through two of which a river runs. Now, we must remember, that the moon is subject to none of these meteorological changes that affect the earth so powerfully—There, is neither rain, snow, hail or frost. These have so marked the earth's surface, that the traveller cannot believe that anything less forcible than the earthquake's arm has done this work. By the influence of these, the rocks are rent and the mountains crumbled. Now let us imagine that

rain had fallen on the moon. Then these craters would have been lakes; the rocky cliffs about them, worn by the influence of water and of frost, and washed by the waves at their base, would have fallen into the lake. Gorges would have been cleft in the wall, through which streams would flow; and at last, the lake filled up with fallen and crumbled rocks, would have become dry land. Thus, we have an Alpine valley. And transformations as wonderful, have, no doubt, been effected on the earth's surface, during the long ages that have rolled away, since Creation.

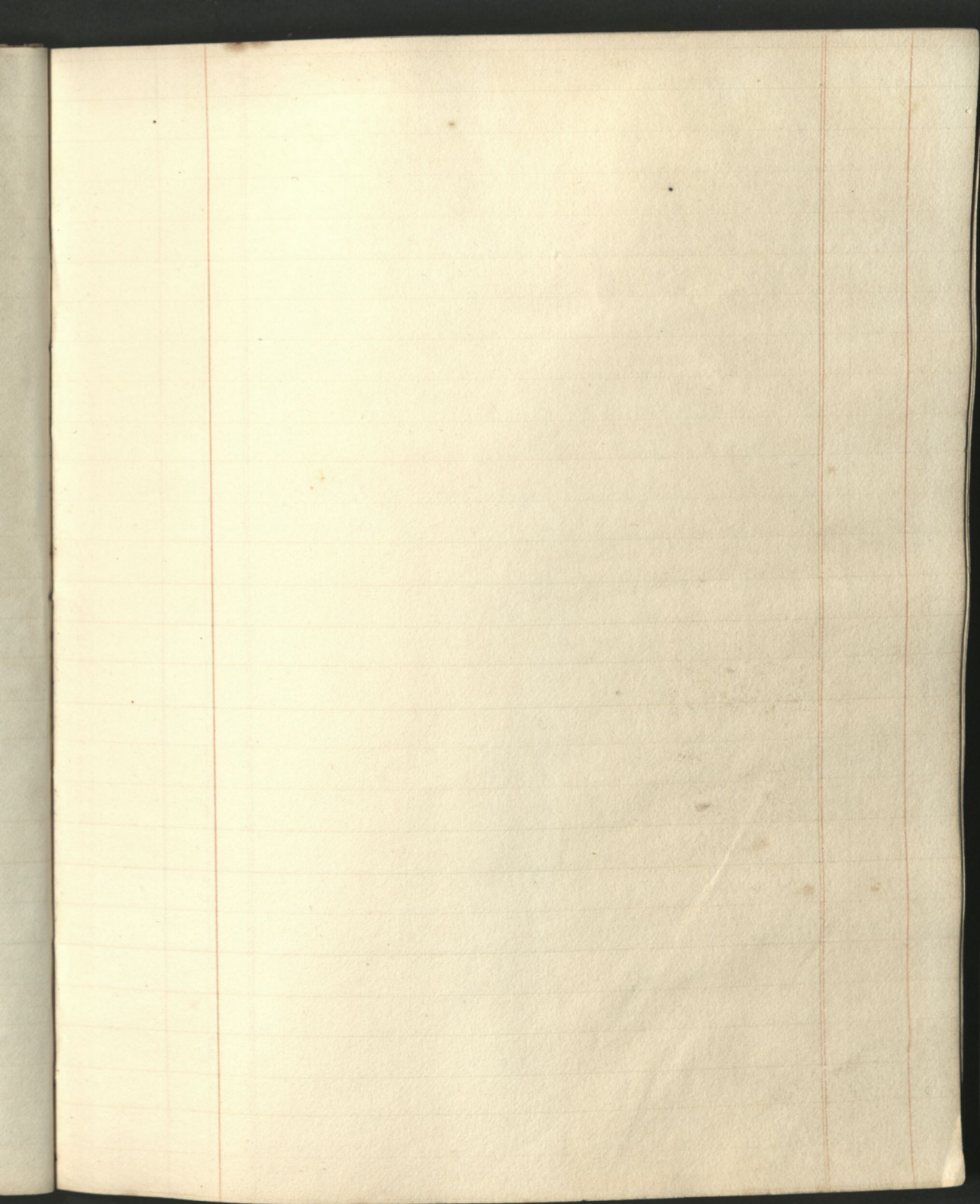
The substance from some of these caverns appears to have been liquid, as it flows down the valleys and fails to ascend the mountains. It is singular that the action of the disturbing forces beneath the surface of the moon, seem to have diminished since the early ages of that body. We trace the ages of veins of rock as geologists do on the earth, by observing which vein cuts through the other—the latest, of course, is the one which cuts its way through the oldest; and thus the astronomer may travel over the map of the Moon,

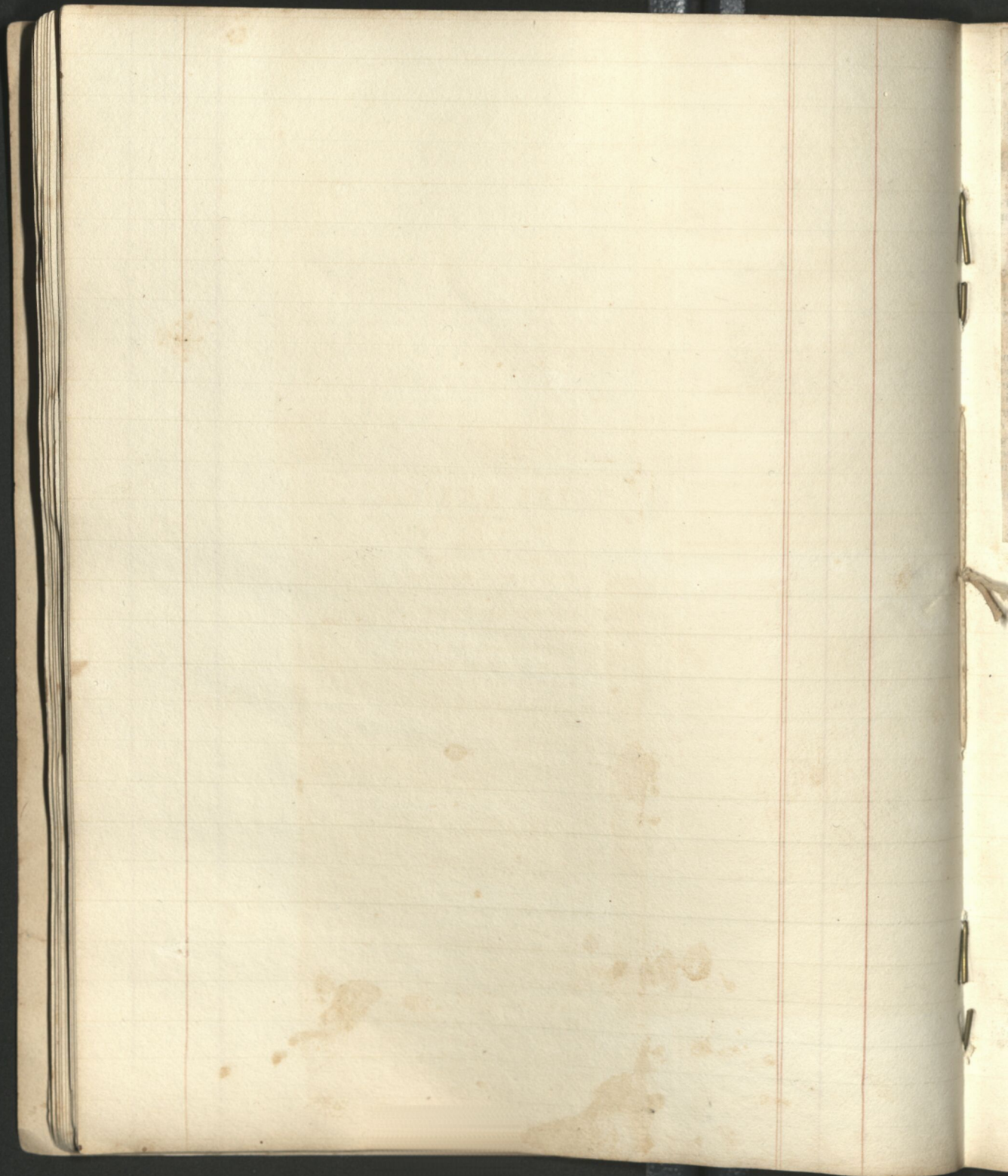
and tell the comparative age of each great convulsion. The disturbing forces were once far more powerful in the earth than now. We know that, in the early ages, mountains thrust up their heads from the bottom of the sea, and that whole beds of shell-fish are found in a fossil state upon the loftiest summits. Once, nothing could exist in an organic state; then vegetables and animals, under the guidance of instinct, could live, and when the course of nature had become, in general, regular, man was placed in the world. But science proves that this was not only after a long series of ages, of which the mind can hardly conceive. And through a series of changes, the Moon may be passing before it becomes fit for the residence of man.

No signs of vegetable or animal life have been found in the Moon; no cities, no forests, cross the bright bands that extend over its surface, and if there is life, it must be of a different kind from ours, as there is no moisture to support it.

It is a hard thing to look into the counsels of the Almighty, and trace His purposes. But we may well believe that the Moon is in a state of preparation, like that through which our planet passed before it became the abode of reasoning men.—The disturbing forces are losing their power, and Order seems to be taking the place of Chaos. The Moon may be a young world, which will one day be filled with life, and with those things necessary to sustain life.

Animals endowed with pure instinct, can exist where men, with reason and free will, could not exist. Even now, the instinct of dumb creatures warns them of the approaching earthquake or eruption, and they fly to a place of safety, while man remains to perish. In the earlier stages of a planet's formation, the existence of man would be a contradiction. In some parts of the world, at the present time, civilization is impossible; because the labors of years are swept away by the desolating forces of a single night. But these are exceptions, and, in general, the earth has become the fitting and the peaceful home of man. The earthquake's force is abated, the marsh ceases to





THE DYING GIRL.

My mother, look not on me now,
With that sad earnest eye;
Blame me not, mother—blame not thou,
My heart's last wish—to die.
I cannot wrestle with the strife
I once had heart to bear;
And if I yield a youthful life,
Full hath it been of care.

Nay, weep not! on my brow is set,
The age of grief—not years;
Its furrows thou mayest wildly wet,
But ne'er wash out, with tears.
And couldst thou see my weary heart,
Too weary e'en to sigh,
O! mother, mother, thou wouldst start,
And say 'twere best to die.

I know 'tis summer on the earth,
I hear a pleasant tune,
Of waters in their chiming mirth,
I feel the breath of June.
The roses through my lattice look,
The bee sails singing by,
The peasant takes his pruning hook,
Yet, mother, let me die!

There's nothing in this time of flowers,
That hath a voice for me;
The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
The young, the glad, the free.
There's nothing but thy own deep love,
And *that* will live on high;
Then, mother, when my heart's above,
Kind mother!—let me die.

THE ERRING.

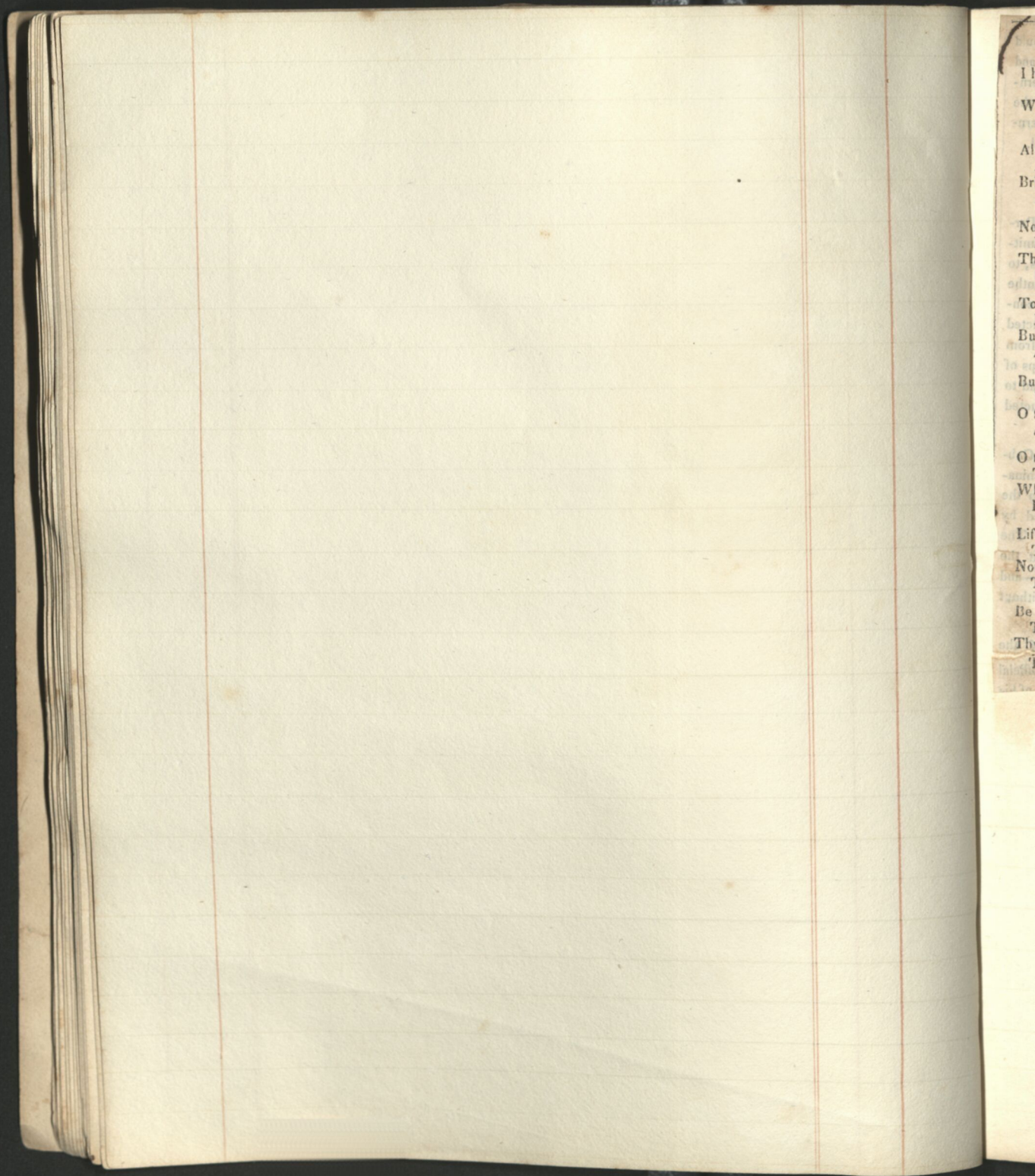
BY JULIA A. FLETCHER.

Think gently of the erring!
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring!
Oh do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage!
Child of the self-same God!
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring!
For it is not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chiding well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet may'st lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be—
Deal gently with the erring one
As God hath dealt with thee!



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For the Caledonian.

HEAVEN.

I hear them tell of a blissful land,
Far off in a distant unseen clime,
Where the good and true, a shining band,
Shall rest from the cares and ills of time.

All pure and bright do the waters glide,
And murmur ever a heavenly strain,
Bright wanderers meet by the streamlet's side,
And its soothing music steals their pain.

No clouds are there, nor the shades of night,
Eternal day illumines the place;
There Beauty sits in the holy light
Unveiling ever her lovely face.

To that beauteous clime no sorrows come;
Nor hath discord gained admission there,
But the sons of peace there seek their home,
And their music breathes in all the air.

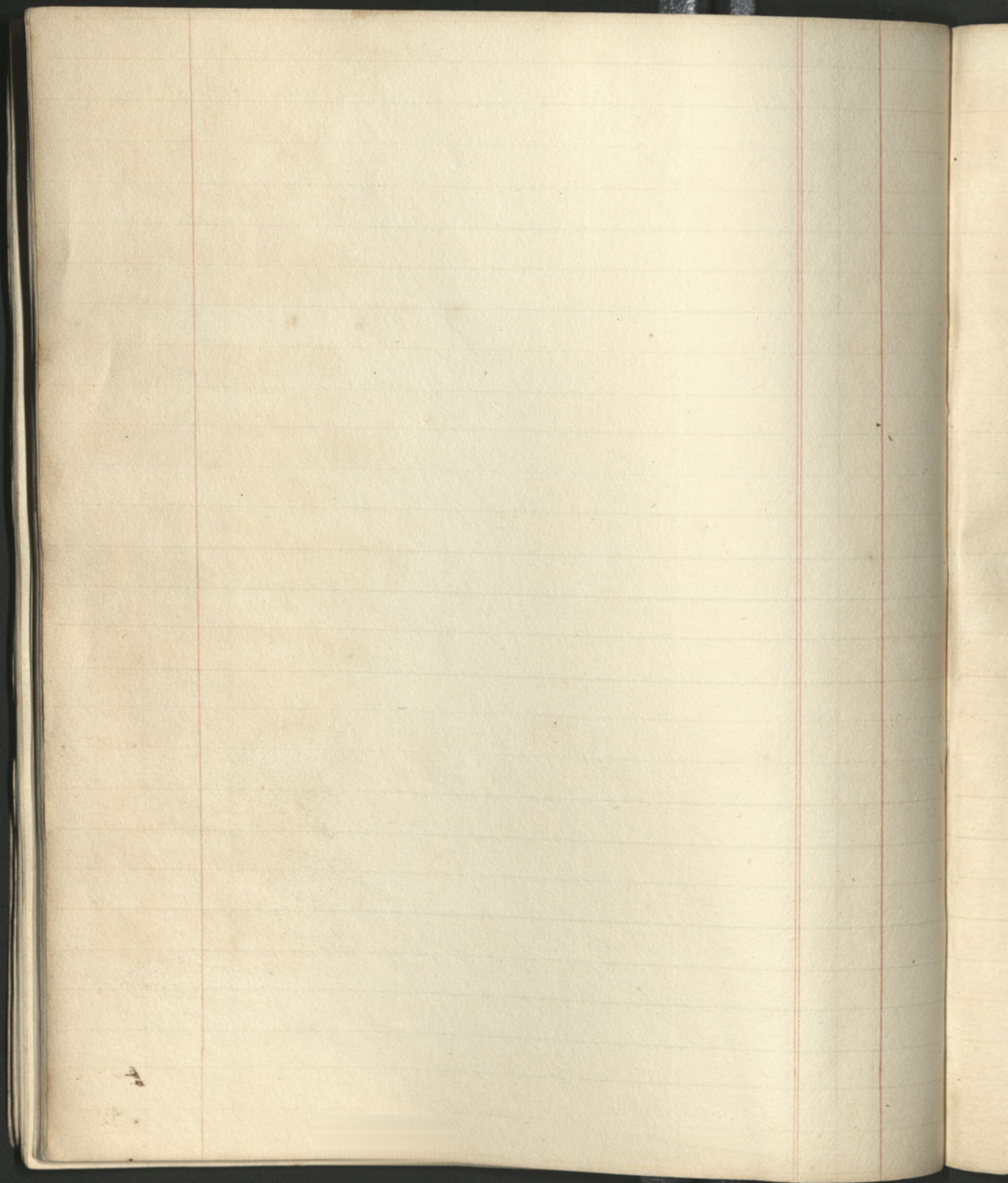
But where is the land so fair and bright,
Where the pure in heart shall e'er be blest?
O tell me where there shall be no night,
And the heavy laden shall be at rest.

O thou that seekest with earnest breast,
To find the land where the righteous go,
Where the worn and weary shall be at rest,
By the murmuring streams that ever flow.

Lift not thine eye, for the realm so bright,
To the distant planet's smiling face,
Nor gaze thou up to the stars of night
To seek the soul's bright dwelling place.

Be pure in heart—and within thee lies,
The land in unfading beauty drest;
Thy life is the day that never dies,
Thy soul shall be its own heaven of rest.

B.



July 1
1839

AN ELEGY

*On the sudden and awful death of seven men, who
were drowned on Nantucket Bar, 1st of 1st
month, 1782.*

Kind heaven assist my feeble muse,
And help me to relate
Unto my friends the dismal news
Of my poor townsmen's fate.

O, what a sad and awful time,
Which caused our eyes to weep,
For seven men, all in their prime,
All drowned in the deep.

In seventeen hundred eighty-two,
The first of new year's day,
This poor unhappy crew of men
Were sadly swept away.

They from Nantucket shore put off,
And for the bar did try,
In hopes to get on board a brig;
But could not her come nigh.

The wind did blow, the sea run high,
They strove the brig to gain,
But all endeavors fruitless were,
Their striving proved in vain.

Their boat upon the ocean fill'd,
And two were then swept out.
And five, remaining in her still,
Some time were toss'd about.

Their friends on shore saw their distress,
And for their help did try,
But nothing could in time be done;
It was their lot to die.

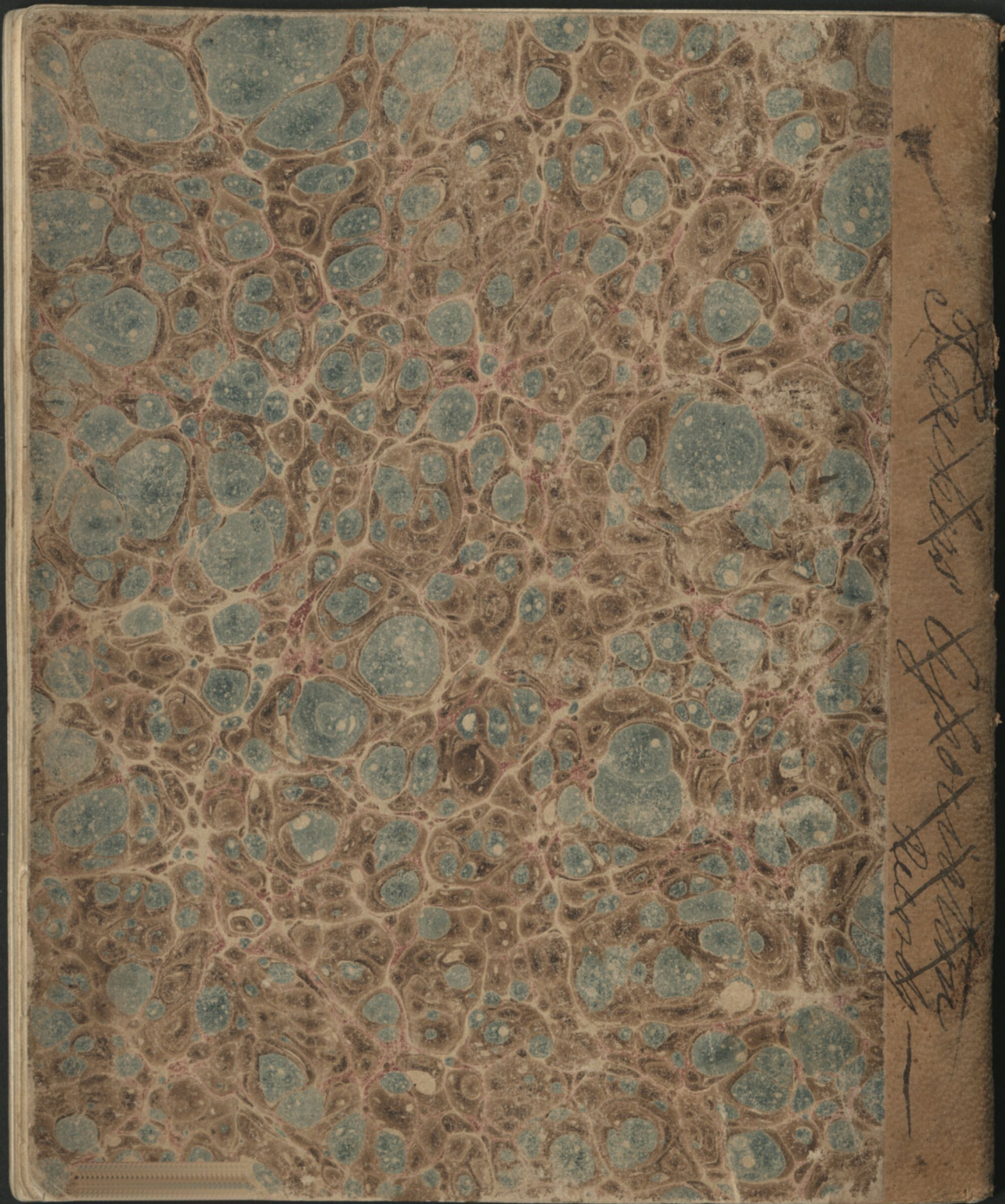
Four mournful widows, left that day,
And eleven children small,
And two besides that were unborn,
Which makes thirteen in all.

Their sorrows surely must be great,
Which I full well do know,
Having once shared the same fate,
And tasted the same woe.

Now in the scriptures we may find
These words recorded be:
The fatherless leave to my care,
Their widows trust in me.

John Ark belong to the

1896



*Ex libris
Hortensii
Petri*